

Rev. Mr. Morris

PART III.

MARCH.



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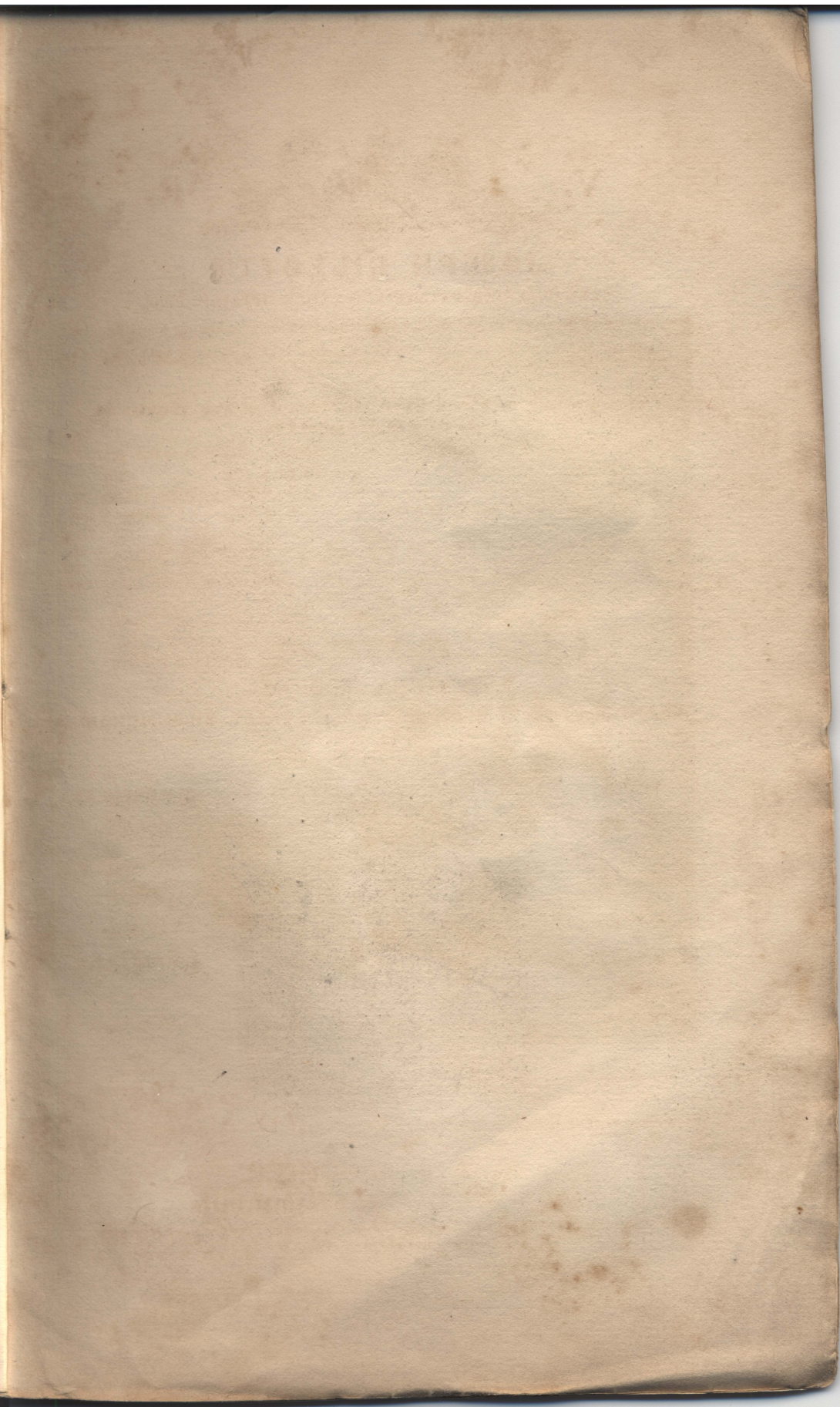
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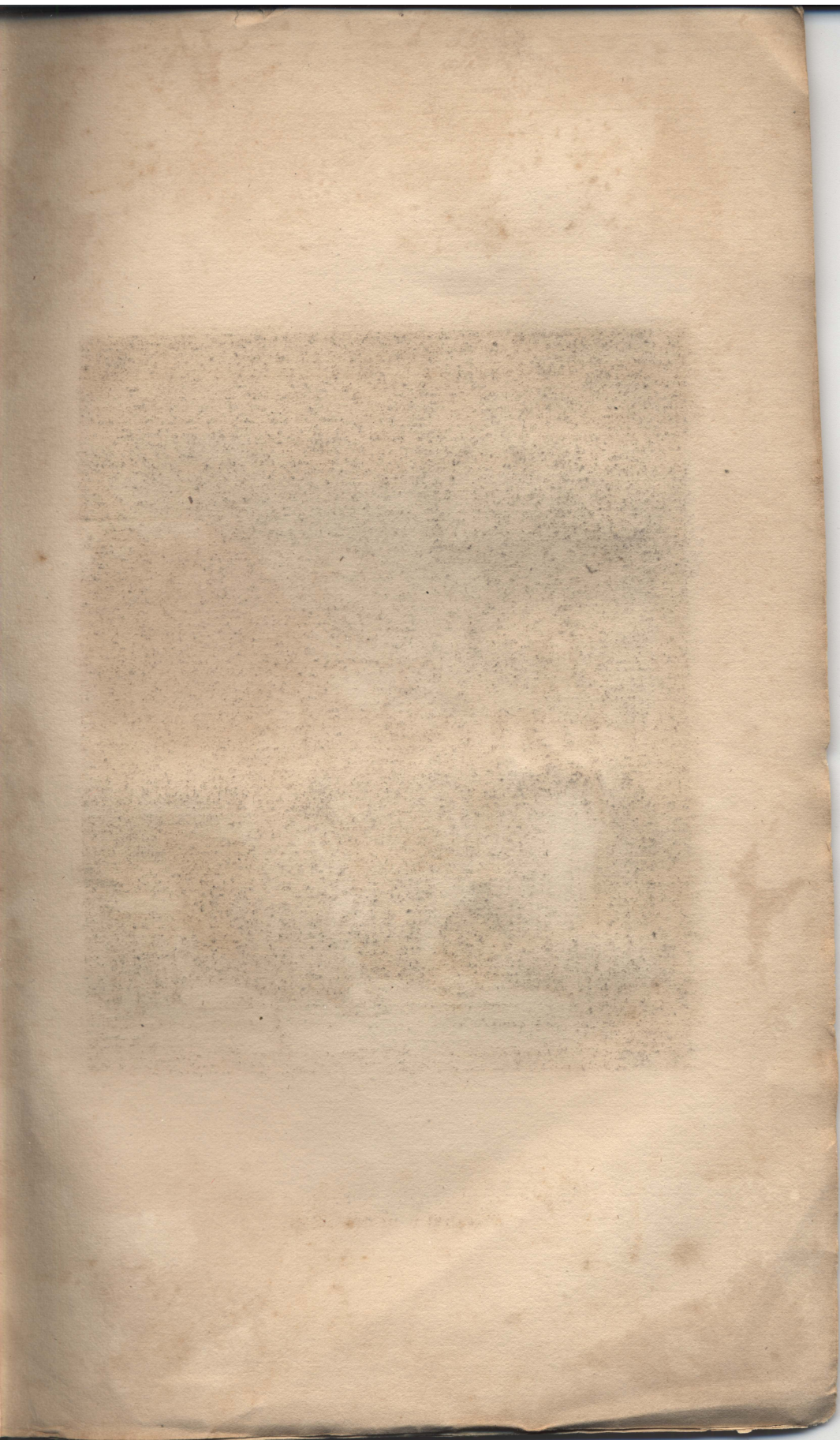
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George Cruikshank.

Maggot's Courtship.





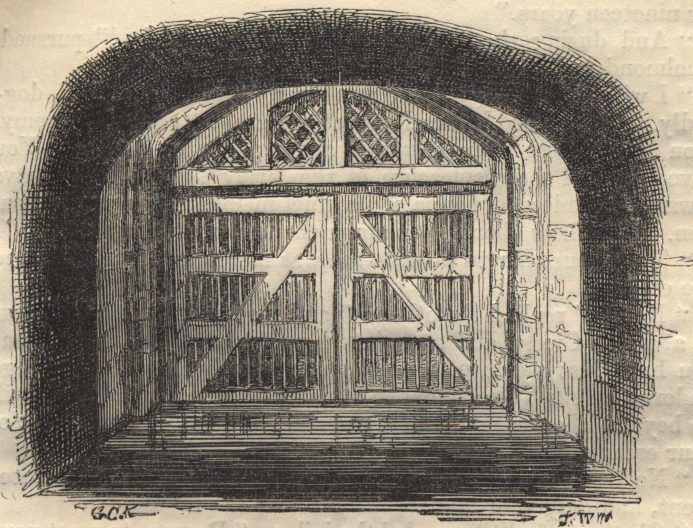
George Cruikshank.

Queen Jane's flight from the Tower.





Queen Jane & Lord Guilford Wndley brought back to the Tower through Traitors Gate.



THE TRAITOR'S GATE.

"Then your fate is sealed," rejoined Nightgall. "You shall never quit this spot."

"Think not to move me by any such idle threat," returned Cholmondeley. "You dare not detain me."

"Who shall prevent me?" laughed the jailor, scornfully. "I, alone, possess the key of these dungeons. You are their sole occupant."

"That is false," retorted the esquire. "There is another captive,—a miserable female,—whom I, myself, have seen."

"Has she been here?" cried Nightgall, with a look of disquietude.

"Not many minutes since," replied the other, fixing a scrutinizing glance upon him. "She came in search of her child. What have you done with it, villain?"

Cholmondeley had no particular object in making the inquiry. But he was astonished at the effect produced by it on the jailor, who started and endeavoured to hide his confusion by pulling his cap over his brows.

"She is a maniac," he said, at length, in a hoarse voice.

"If it be so," rejoined the esquire, severely; "she has been driven out of her senses by your barbarous usage. I more than suspect you have murdered her child."

"Entertain what suspicions you please," replied Nightgall, evidently relieved by the surmise. "I am not accountable for the ravings of a distracted woman."

"Who is she?" demanded the esquire.

"The names of those confined within these cells are never divulged," returned the jailer. "She has been a prisoner of state for nineteen years."

"And during that term her child was born—ha?" pursued Cholmondeley.

"I will answer no further questions," replied Nightgall, doggedly. "One word before I depart. I am not your only enemy. You have others more powerful, and equally implacable. You have incurred the displeasure of the Privy Council, and I have a warrant, under the hands of its chief members, for your execution. I am now about to summon the headsman for the task."

"Then your offer to liberate me was mere mockery," observed the esquire.

"Not so," replied the other; "and I again repeat it. Swear to abandon Cicely, and to maintain profound silence as to what you have just seen, and I will convey you by a secret passage underneath the Tower moat to a place of security, where you will be beyond the reach of your enemies, and will take the risk of your escape upon myself. Do you agree to this?"

"No," replied Cholmondeley, firmly. "I distrust your statement, and defy your malice."

"Obstinate fool!" growled the jailer. "Prepare to meet your fate in an hour."

"Whenever it comes it will find me prepared," rejoined the esquire.

Nightgall glared at him fiercely for a moment from beneath his shaggy brows. He then strode sullenly away. But his departure was prevented by Cicely, who suddenly appeared at the mouth of the dungeon.

"You here!" he exclaimed recoiling, and trembling as if an apparition had crossed his path. "How have you obtained admittance?"

"It matters not," she answered. "I am come to purchase your prisoner's freedom."

"You know the terms?" rejoined the jailer, eagerly.

"I do," she replied; "and will comply with them when you have fulfilled your share of the compact."

"Cicely!" cried Cholmondeley, who had been to the full as much astonished at her unexpected appearance as the jailer. "Cicely!" he cried, starting to his feet, and extending his hands towards her. "Do not consent to his proposal. Do not sacrifice yourself for me. I would die a thousand deaths rather than you should be his."

"Heed him not," interposed Nightgall, grasping her arm, and preventing her from approaching her lover; "but attend to me. You see this warrant," he added, producing a parchment. "It is from the Council, and directs that the prisoner's execution shall take place in such manner as may best consist with despatch and secrecy. If I deliver it to Manger, the headsman, it will be

promptly obeyed. And I *shall* deliver it, unless you promise compliance."

"The villain deceives you, dear Cicely," cried Cholmondeley, in a voice of anguish. "The Council have not the power of life and death. They cannot—dare not order my execution without form or trial."

"The Council will answer for their actions themselves," rejoined Nightgall, carelessly. "Their warrant will bear me and my comrades harmless. Mauger will not hesitate to act upon it. What is your determination, Cicely?"

"Free him," she replied.

"Recal your words, sweet Cicely," cried Cholmondeley, throwing himself at her feet, "if you have any love for me. You doom me to worse than death by this submission."

"Cholmondeley," she replied in a mournful voice, "my resolution is taken, and even you cannot induce me to change it. The opening of our love has been blighted. My heart has been crushed, almost before it knew for whom it beat. It matters not now what becomes of me. If my life could preserve yours, or restore you to freedom, I would freely yield it. But as nothing will suffice except my hand, I give that. Think of me no more,—or think of me only as another's."

"That thought were madness!" groaned Cholmondeley.

"Master Lawrence Nightgall," continued Cicely, "you say you can conduct the prisoner beyond the walls of the Tower. Bring me back some token that you have done so, and I am yours."

"Willingly," replied the jailer.

"Retire then for a moment, while I arrange with him what the token shall be."

Nightgall hesitated.

"Refuse, and I retract my promise," she added.

And the jailer, with a suspicious look, reluctantly left the cell.

"Cicely, my beloved," cried Cholmondeley, clasping her in his arms, "why—why have you done this?"

"To preserve you," she replied, hurriedly. "Once out of this dungeon, I can bring assistance to liberate you."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Nightgall, who, having placed his ear to the wall, lost not a syllable of their discourse.

"It will be unavailing," replied Cholmondeley. "No one will venture to oppose an order of the Council. You must make known my case to Lord Guilford Dudley. Take this ring. Explain all to him, and I may yet be saved. Do you hear me, Cicely?"

"I do," she replied.

"And I," added Nightgall.

"In case you fail," continued the esquire, "the token of my escape shall be"—And placing his lips close to her ear, he

spoke a few words in so low a tone, that they escaped the jailer. "Till you receive that token treat Nightgall as before."

"Doubt it not," she answered.

"I am content," said the esquire.

"I see through the design," muttered the jailer, "and will defeat it. Have you done?" he added, aloud.

"A moment," replied Cholmondeley, again pressing the damsel to his bosom, "I would sooner part with my life's-blood than resign you."

"I must go," she cried, disengaging herself from his embrace. "Now, Master Nightgall, I am ready to attend you."

"In an hour I shall return and release you," said the jailer, addressing the prisoner. "Your hand, Cicely."

"I will go alone," she replied, shrinking from him with a look of abhorrence.

"As you please," he rejoined, with affected carelessness. "You are mine."

"Not till I have received the token. Farewell!" she murmured, turning her tearful gaze upon Cholmondeley.

"For ever!" exclaimed the youth.

And as they quitted the cell, he threw himself despairingly on the ground.

Issuing from the outer door of the dungeon, Cicely and her companion took their way towards the Stone Kitchen. They had not proceeded far, when they perceived several persons approaching them, who, as they drew nearer, proved to be Dame Potentia, Xit, and the giants.

"What have you been doing, Cicely?" inquired her adoptive mother, angrily. "I have been searching for you everywhere!"

"You shall know anon," replied the maiden. "But come with me to the palace. I must see Lord Guilford Dudley, or the Duke of Northumberland, without a moment's delay."

"Warders," interposed Nightgall, authoritatively: "go to Master Manger's lodging in the Bloody Tower. Bid him hasten with two assistants, and the sworn tormentor, to the dungeon beneath the Devilin Tower. He will know which I mean. Justice is about to be done upon a prisoner."

"Oh no—no—do not go," cried Cicely, arresting the giants. "He does not mean it. He is jesting."

"Go home, then, and do not stir forth till I bring you the token," rejoined Nightgall, in a deep whisper.

"In Heaven's name, what is the meaning of all this?" cried Dame Potentia, in amazement.

"I will inform you," replied the jailer, drawing her aside. "Your daughter was about to elope with the young esquire. I detected them trying to escape by the secret passage beneath the moat, of which you know I have the key. Lock her within her chamber. Pay no attention to her tears, entreaties, or assertions. And, above all, take care no one has any communication with her."

"Trust me to guard her," rejoined Dame Potentia. "I know what these court-gallants are. They will venture anything, and contrive anything, when a pretty girl is concerned. But what has happened to the esquire?"

"He is safe for the present," answered Nightgall, significantly.

Cicely, meantime, had availed herself of their conversation, to whisper a few words to Xit.

"Take this ring," she said, placing the ornament given her by her lover, in the hands of the dwarf, "and fly to the palace. Show it to Lord Guilford Dudley, and say that the wearer is imprisoned in the dungeons beneath the Devilin Tower. Assistance must be speedily rendered, as he is ordered for immediate and secret execution. Do you understand?"

"Most precisely, lovely damsel," replied Xit, kissing her hand, as he took the ring; "and I guess the name and condition of the prisoner, as well as the nature of the interest you take in him."

"Fly!" interrupted Cicely. "Not a moment is to be lost. You shall be well rewarded for your trouble."

"I desire no higher reward than your thanks, adorable maiden," replied Xit. "Your behests shall be punctually obeyed." So saying, he disappeared.

"Come, young mistress," cried Dame Potentia, seizing her adoptive daughter's arm, "you must to your chamber. You have led me and your father, and these worthy warders, a pretty dance. But you shall lead us all where you list, if I let you out of my sight in future."

And thanking the giants, who had looked on in speechless astonishment, she dragged Cicely along with her.

"Remember!" whispered Nightgall, as he walked a few paces by the side of the latter.

"I shall expect the token in an hour," she answered in the same tone.

"You shall have it," he rejoined.

With this, he halted, and retraced his steps. The others then separated. Cicely was conveyed to the Stone Kitchen; and the giants, after looking in vain for Xit, and calling to him repeatedly but without effect, returned to the By-ward Tower. Just as they reached it, a shot was fired from the battlements, and was immediately answered from those of the Middle Tower. Other reports followed. And, alarmed by the sounds, the huge brethren hastily unlocked the door of their lodging, and entering it, to their infinite dismay, found the prisoner gone.

VIII.—HOW GILBERT ESCAPED FROM THE BY-WARD TOWER, AND SWAM ACROSS THE MOAT; HOW OG HUNG XIT UPON A HOOK; AND HOW LAWRENCE NIGHTGALL BROUGHT THE TOKEN TO CICELY.

GILBERT having freed himself from his bonds, and clambered into the chimney in the By-ward Tower in the manner previously related, ascended without any inconvenience, except what was occasioned by the pungent smoke arising from the blazing fagots beneath, until he reached the level of the upper story, where another fire-place, connected with the passage up which he was mounting, so narrowed its limits, that it seemed scarcely possible to proceed further. The sound of voices in the chamber on this floor also alarmed him, and for some minutes he suspended his labour to listen. But as nothing occurred to disturb him, and it was evident, from the conversation of the speakers, that he had not been noticed, he presently resumed his task, and redoubling his efforts, soon vanquished all obstacles, and gained the opening of the chimney.

Here a fresh difficulty awaited him; and one for which he was wholly unprepared. The smoke found a vent through a small circular opening or louver, as it was termed,—for there was no chimney-top to disperse it to the air,—in the battlements. Through this opening he must necessarily creep; and, provided he could accomplish the feat, he had to elude the vigilance of the sentinels stationed on the roof of the turret. Luckily, the night was profoundly dark; and the gloom, increased by a thick mist from the river, was so intense, that an object could scarcely be discerned at a foot's distance. Thus favoured, Gilbert resolved to hazard the attempt.

Watching his opportunity, he drew himself cautiously through the louver, and without being noticed by the sentinel, who was standing beside it, crouched beneath the carriage of a culverin. In this state, he remained for a short time, meditating what course he should next pursue, and nerving himself for some desperate attempt, when a door at the side of the southern turret suddenly opened, and three men-at-arms, the foremost of whom carried a torch, came to relieve guard.

Aware that he should now infallibly be discovered, Gilbert started to his feet, and drawing a dagger which he had picked up in the giants' chamber, stood upon his defence. The movement betrayed him. Though confounded by his appearance, the sentinel nearest him presented his partizan at his breast and commanded him to surrender. Gilbert answered by striking up the man's arm, and instantly sprang over the battlements.

A loud splash told that he had fallen into the moat. The men held the torch over the side of the turret. But it was too dark to distinguish any object below. Presently, however, a

noise was heard in the water that convinced them the fugitive was swimming for the opposite bank. One of the soldiers instantly discharged his caliver in the direction of the sound,—but without effect.

This served as an alarm to the guards posted on the western ramparts, as well as to those on the Middle Tower, both of which commanded this part of the moat, and other shots were immediately fired. A signal was then rapidly passed from tower to tower, and from portal to portal, until it reached the Bulwark-gate, which formed the only entrance to the fortress on the west, and a body of armed men carrying lights instantly sallied forth and hurried towards the side of the moat.

Gilbert, meanwhile, swam for his life. Guided by the torches, which served to discover his enemies rather than to betray him, he effected a secure landing. But before he had climbed the steep bank, he was observed by a soldier, who, making towards him, shouted to his comrades for assistance. In the struggle that ensued, the torch borne by the soldier was extinguished, and bursting from him, Gilbert darted at a swift pace up Tower-hill. His pursuers were close upon him. But, well acquainted with the spot, he contrived to baffle them, by flinging himself beneath the permanent scaffold, then standing upon the brow of the eminence, and thus eluded observation. As soon as his foes had passed, he struck off swiftly to the left, and leaping a low wall, skirted All-hallows Church, and speedily gained Tower-street.

While Gilbert was flying in this direction, his pursuers finding themselves at fault, hastened back, and endeavoured to discover some trace of him. Some mounted the steps of the scaffold to see whether he had taken refuge on its blood-stained planks,—some crept under it,—others examined the posts of the neighbouring gallows,—while a fourth party flew to the postern gate, which defended the southern extremity of the city wall, in the hope that he might have been stopped by the watch. All, however, it is needless to say, were disappointed. And after some time had been fruitlessly expended, the whole party returned to the Tower to report the unsuccessful issue of their expedition.

Meanwhile, the report of the musquetry had reached the ears of Lord Clinton, the constable, who, attended by the lieutenant, the gentleman-porter, and a numerous patrol, chanced to be making the round of the fortifications at the time, and he descended to the gates to ascertain the cause of the alarm. On learning it, he immediately summoned the herald and the gigantic warders to his presence, and after sharply rebuking the former for neglect, ordered him into custody till the morning, when he proposed to take the duke's pleasure as to his punishment. He then turned to the giants, who tried to soften his displeasure by taking the blame upon themselves, and telling them he would listen to their statement when the herald was examined, and, in the interim, they

would be answerable with their lives for any further dereliction of duty, he dismissed the assemblage, and returned with his train to the ramparts.

Among those who had been gathered together in the guard-room near the By-ward Tower,—where the foregoing examination took place,—were Nightgall and Xit,—the latter having just returned from the palace, after a vain attempt to deliver his message to Lord Guilford Dudley, who, it has been already stated, was engaged at the time in secret conference with the Duke of Northumberland, and could not therefore be spoken with.

Ever on the alert, and suspicious of those around him, Nightgall overheard Og question the dwarf as to the cause of his absence; and perceiving, from Xit's manner, that he had some secret to communicate, he contrived to approach them unobserved. He then learnt the message with which the dwarf had been entrusted by Cicely, and enraged at her endeavour to overreach him, snatched the ring from him as he was displaying it to the giant, and threatened him with severe punishment, if he dared to meddle further in the matter.

As soon as he had recovered from his surprise, the affronted mannikin drew his rapier, and making several passes at Nightgall, would have certainly wounded him, if he had not dextrously avoided the blows by interposing the huge bulk of the giant between him and his assailant. The fury of the dwarf was so excessive, and the contortions into which he threw himself so inconceivably diverting, that Og could render him no assistance for laughing. Thrusting his sword between the giant's legs,—now cutting on the right, now on the left,—Xit tried in every way to hit the jailer, and must have succeeded, if Og, who was by no means desirous to have blood shed in so ridiculous a fray, and who enjoyed the pastime too much to speedily terminate it, had not prevented him.

Gog, moreover, having on the onset disarmed Nightgall, he could not protect himself except by keeping under the shelter of the giant. Foiled in his attempts, Xit's indignation knew no bounds, and exasperated by the derisive shouts and laughter of the spectators, he threatened to turn his sword against Og if he did not deliver up the jailer to his vengeance. This only produced louder roars of merriment from the by-standers; and the dwarf, whose passion had almost deprived him of reason, uttering a shrill scream like a child robbed of its plaything, threw himself on Og's leg, and scrambled up his body, with the intention of descending on the other side, and exterminating his foe.

This feat raised the merriment of the spectators to the utmost. Og suffered the imp to ascend without opposition, and clinging to the points of the giant's slashed red hose, Xit drew himself up to his broad girdle, and then setting one foot on the circlet of raised gold thread which surrounded the badge

on his breast, soon gained his shoulder, and would have leapt from thence upon his foe, if Og, who began to think it time to put an end to the sport, had not seized him by the leg as he was in the act of springing off, and held him at arm's-length, with his heels upwards.

After many useless struggles to liberate himself, and menaces of what he would do when he got free, which, as may be supposed, only provoked still further the laughter of the by-standers, Xit became so unmanageable, that Og fastened him by his nether garments to a hook in the wall, about fourteen feet from the ground, and left him to recover himself.

Thus perched, the dwarf hurled his rapier at Nightgall's head, and replied to the jeers of the assemblage by such mops and mows as an enraged ape is wont to make at its persecutors. After the lapse of a few minutes, however, he began to find his position so uncomfortable, that he was fain to supplicate for release, to which, on receiving his assurance of quieter conduct for the future, Og consented, and accordingly unhooked him, and set him on the ground.

Nightgall, meanwhile, had taken advantage of this diversion, to leave the Guard-room, and hasten to the Stone Kitchen.

Dame Potentia was just retiring to rest as the jailer reached her dwelling, and it was only by the most urgent importunity that he succeeded in obtaining admission.

"Your pardon, good dame," he said, as the door was opened. "I have that to tell Cicely, which will effectually cure her love for the young esquire."

"In that case, you are right welcome, Master Nightgall," she replied; "for the poor child has almost cried her pretty eyes out since I brought her home. And I have been so moved by her tears, that I greatly misdoubt, if her lover had presented himself instead of you, whether I should have had the heart to refuse to let him see her."

"Fool!" muttered Nightgall, half aside. "Where is she?" he added, aloud. "I have no time to lose. I have a secret execution to attend before day-break."

"Yours is a butcherly office, Master Nightgall," observed Peter Trusbut, who was dozing in an arm-chair by the fire. "Those secret executions, to my mind, are little better than state murders. I would not, for all the power of the Duke of Northumberland, hold your office, or that of Gilliam Mauger, the headsmen."

"Nor I yours, on the same fee, Master Pantler," rejoined Nightgall. "Tastes differ. Where is your daughter, good dame?"

"In her chamber," replied Potentia. "Ho! Cicely, sweetheart!" she added, knocking at a door at the end of a short passage leading out of the kitchen on the right. "Here is Master Nightgall desires to speak with you."

"Does he bring me the token?" demanded the maiden, from within.

"Ay marry, does he, child," replied the dame, winking at the jailer. "Heaven forgive me the falsehood," she added,— "for I know not what she means."

"Leave us a moment, dear mother," said Cicely, hastily unfastening the door. "Now, Master Nightgall," she continued, as Dame Potentia retired, and the jailer entered the room, "have you fulfilled your compact?"

"Cicely," rejoined the jailer, regarding her sternly, "you have not kept faith with me. You have despatched a messenger to the palace."

"Ah! he is free," exclaimed the maiden, joyfully,—"your plans have been defeated?"

Nightgall smiled bitterly.

"My messenger cannot have failed," she continued, with a sudden change of countenance. "I am sure Lord Guilford would not abandon his favourite esquire. Tell me, what has happened?"

"I am come to claim fulfilment of your pledge," rejoined the jailer.

"Then you have set him free," cried Cicely. "Where is the token?"

"Behold it," replied Nightgall, raising his hand, on which her lover's ring sparkled.

"Lost!—lost!" shrieked Cicely, falling senseless upon the floor.

The jailer gazed at her a moment in silence, but did not attempt to offer any assistance. He then turned upon his heel, and strode out of the room.

"Look to your daughter, dame," he observed, as he passed through the Stone-kitchen.

IX.—OF THE MYSTERIOUS MANNER IN WHICH GUNNORA BRAOSE WAS BROUGHT TO THE TOWER.

HURRYING along Tower Street, and traversing Eastcheap and Watling Street—then narrow but picturesque thoroughfares—Gilbert,—to whom it is now necessary to return,—did not draw breath till he reached the eastern extremity of St. Paul's. As he passed this reverend and matchless structure—the destruction of which, was the heaviest loss sustained by the metropolis in the Great Fire—he strained his eyes towards its lofty tower, but the gloom was too profound to enable him to discern anything of it beyond a dark and heavy mass.

"Thou art at present benighted, glorious fane!" he cried aloud. "But a bright dawn shall arise for thee, and all thy ancient splendour, with thy ancient faith, be restored. If I could see

Mary queen, and hear mass solemnized within thy walls, I could die content."

"And you shall hear it," said a voice in his ear.

"Who speaks?" asked Gilbert, trembling.

"Be at St. Paul's Cross to-morrow at midnight, and you shall know," replied the voice. "You are a loyal subject of Queen Mary, and a true Catholic, or your words belie you?"

"I am both," answered Gilbert.

"Fail not to meet me then," rejoined the other, "and you shall receive assurance that your wishes shall be fulfilled. There are those at work who will speedily accomplish the object you desire."

"I will aid them heart and hand," cried Gilbert.

"Your name?" demanded the other.

"I am called Gilbert Pot," answered the youth, "and am drawer to Ninion Saunders, at the Baptist's Head, in Ludgate."

"A vintner's boy!" exclaimed the other, disdainfully.

"Ay, a vintner's boy," returned Gilbert. "But, when the usurper, Jane Dudley, was proclaimed at Cheapside this morning, mine was the only voice raised for Queen Mary."

"For which bold deed you were nailed to the pillory," rejoined the other.

"I was," replied Gilbert; "and was, moreover, carried to the Tower, whence I have just escaped."

"Your courage shall not pass unrequited," replied the speaker.

"Where are you going?"

"To my master's, at the Baptist's Head, at the corner of Creed Lane—not a bow-shot hence."

"It will not be safe to go thither," observed the other. "Your master will deliver you to the watch."

"I will risk it, nevertheless," answered Gilbert. "I have an old grandame whom I desire to see."

"Something strikes me!" exclaimed the other. "Is your grandame the old woman who warned the usurper Jane not to proceed to the Tower?"

"She is," returned Gilbert.

"This is a strange encounter, in good sooth," cried the other.

"She is the person I am in search of. You must procure me instant speech with her."

"I will conduct you to her, right willingly, sir," replied Gilbert. "But she says little to any one, and may refuse to answer your questions."

"We shall see," rejoined the other. "Lead on, good Gilbert."

Followed by his unknown companion, about whom he felt a strange curiosity, not unalloyed with fear, Gilbert proceeded at a rapid pace towards his destination. The whole of the buildings then surrounding Saint Paul's, it is almost unnecessary to say, were destroyed by the same fire that consumed the

Cathedral; and, though the streets still retain their original names, their situation is in some respects changed.

Passing beneath the shade of a large tree, which then grew at the western boundary of the majestic edifice, Gilbert darted through a narrow entry into Ave Maria Lane, and turning to the left, speedily reached Ludgate, which he crossed at some fifty paces from the Gate—then used, like several of the other city portals, as a prison—and, entering Creed Lane, halted before a low-built house on the right. The shutters were closed, but it was evident, from the uproarious sounds issuing from the dwelling, that revelry was going on within. Gilbert did not deem it prudent to open the street door, but calling to his companion, he went to the back of the tavern, and gained admittance through a window on the ground floor.

“They are having a merry rouse,” he observed to the other, “in honour of the usurper; and my master, Ninion, will be too far gone to notice aught except his guests and his sack brewage, so that I may safely conduct your worship to my grandame. But first let me strike a light.”

With this, he searched about for flint and steel, and having found them, presently set fire to a small lamp hanging against the wall, which he removed and turned, not without some apprehension, towards the stranger.

His glance fell upon a tall man, with an ample *feuille-morte* coloured cloak thrown over his left shoulder, so as completely to muffle the lower part of his features. Gilbert could see nothing of the stranger’s face, except an aquiline nose, and a pair of piercing black eyes; but the expression of the latter was so stern and searching, that his own regards involuntarily sank before them. A bonnet of black velvet, decorated with a single drooping feather, drawn over the brow, added to the stranger’s disguise. But what was revealed of the physiognomy was so striking, that Gilbert was satisfied he should never forget it.

Something, indeed, there was of majesty in the stranger’s demeanour, that, coupled with his sinister looks and the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes, impressed the superstitious youth with the notion that he was in the presence of an unearthly being. Struck by this idea, he glanced at the stranger’s feet, in expectation of finding one of the distinctive marks of the Prince of Darkness. But he beheld nothing except a finely-formed limb, clothed in black silk hose and a velvet shoe, above which hung the point of a lengthy rapier.

“I am neither the enemy of mankind nor your enemy, good youth,” observed the stranger, who guessed the cause of Gilbert’s apprehensions. “Bring your grandame hither, and take heed how you approach her, or your looks will alarm her more than mine do you.”

It was not without reason that this caution was given. Gilbert’s appearance was ghastly in the extreme. His counte-

nance was haggard with the loss of blood ; his garments torn and saturated with moisture ; and his black dripping locks, escaping from the blood-stained bandage around his head, contrasted fearfully with the deathly paleness of his visage. Acknowledging the justice of the suggestion, Gilbert decided upon proceeding in the dark, that his appearance might not be observed.

Accordingly, he crept cautiously up stairs, and returned in a few minutes with his aged relative. Gilbert found the stranger in the same attitude he had left him, and his appearance startled Gunnora, as much as it had done him.

Crossing herself, she glanced uneasily at the mysterious stranger. From him her eye wandered to Gilbert; and terrified by his haggard looks, she cried in a tone of anxiety, "You have suffered much, my child. The ill news reached me of the shameful punishment with which you have been visited for your loyalty to your true Queen. I heard also that you had been conveyed a prisoner to the Tower; and was about to make suit to the gracious lady, Jane Dudley, in your behalf. Was I wrongfully informed?"

"No, mother, you were not," replied Gilbert. "But heed me not. There stands the worshipful gentleman who desires to speak with you."

"I am ready to answer his questions," said Gunnora. "Let him propose them."

"First, let me tell you, dame," said the stranger, "that your grandson's devotion to Queen Mary shall not pass unrequited. Ere many days—perchance many hours—shall have passed, he shall exchange his serge doublet for a suit of velvet."

"You hear that, mother," exclaimed Gilbert, joyfully.

"Who are you that make him the offer?" asked Gunnora, stedfastly regarding the stranger.

"You shall know, anon," he replied. "Suffice it, I can make good my words. Your presence is required in the Tower."

"By the Lady Jane,—I should say by the queen?" rejoined Gunnora.

"By the Privy Council," returned the stranger.

"What do they seek from me?" demanded the old woman.

"To testify to the death of his late Majesty, King Edward the Sixth," replied the other.

"Ha!" exclaimed Gunnora.

"Fear nothing," rejoined the stranger. "The council will befriend you. Their object is to prove that Edward was poisoned by Northumberland's order. Can you do this?"

"I can," replied Gunnora. "My hand administered the fatal draught."

"Yours, mother!" ejaculated Gilbert, horror-stricken.

"Prove this, and Northumberland will lose his head," said the stranger.

"Were my own to fall with it, I would do so," replied

Gunnora. "My sole wish is to avenge my foster-son, the great Duke of Somerset, who fell by Northumberland's foul practices. It was therefore when all the physicians of the royal household were dismissed, and the duke sent messengers for empirical aid, that I presented myself, and offered my services. When I beheld the royal sufferer, I saw he had but short space to live. But short as it was, it was too long for the duke. A potion was prepared by Northumberland, which I administered. From that moment his highness grew worse, and in six hours he was a corpse."

"It was a cursed deed," cried Gilbert.

"True," replied Gunnora, "it was so, and Heaven will surely avenge it. But I did it to get Northumberland into my power. The king's case was past all remedy. But he might have lingered for days and weeks, and the duke was impatient for the crown. I was impatient too—but it was for his head. And therefore I did his bidding."

"Your vengeance shall be fully gratified," replied the stranger. "Come with me."

"Hold!" exclaimed Gunnora. "How will his testimony affect the Lady Jane?"

"It will deprive her of her crown—perchance her head," rejoined the stranger.

"Then it shall never be uttered," replied Gunnora, firmly.

"Torture shall wring it from you," cried the stranger, furiously.

The old woman drew herself up to her full height, and, regarding the stranger fixedly, answered in a stern tone—"Let it be tried upon me."

"Mother," said Gilbert, striding between them, and drawing his dagger, "go back to your own room. You shall not peril your safety thus."

"Tush!" exclaimed the stranger, impatiently. "No harm shall befall her. I thought you were both loyal subjects of Queen Mary. How can she assume the sovereign power while Jane grasps the sceptre?"

"But you aim at her life?" said Gunnora.

"No," replied the stranger, "I would preserve her. My object is to destroy Northumberland, and restore the crown to her to whom it rightfully belongs."

"In that case I will go with you," returned the old woman.

"You will fall into a snare," interposed her grandson. "Let him declare who he is."

"I will reveal my name to your grandame, boy," replied the stranger. And advancing towards Gunnora, he whispered in her ear.

The old woman started and trembled.

"Hinder me not, Gilbert," she said. "I must go with him."

"Shall I accompany you?" asked her grandson.

"On no account," replied the stranger, "unless you desire to be lodged in the deepest dungeon in the Tower. Be at the

place of rendezvous to-morrow night, and you shall know more. Are you ready, good dame?"

Gunnora signified her assent; and, after a few parting words with her grandson, the latter unfastened a small door, opening upon the yard, and let them out.

They were scarcely clear of the house, when the stranger placing a silver whistle to his lips, blew a call upon it, which was instantly answered by a couple of attendants. At a signal from their leader they placed themselves on either side of Gunnora, and in spite of her resistance and remonstrances, dragged her forcibly along. The stranger, who marched a few yards in advance, proceeded at so rapid a pace, that the old woman found it utterly impossible to keep up with him. She therefore stood still, and refused to take another step. But this did not avail her, for the two attendants seized her in their arms, and hurried forward as swiftly as before.

Though bewildered and alarmed, Gunnora did not dare to cry out for assistance. Indeed, they did not encounter a single passenger in the streets, until, as they were descending Budge-row, they heard the clank of arms, and beheld the gleam of torches borne by a party of the watch who were approaching from Canwick-street, or as it is now called, Cannon-street.

Turning off on the right, the stranger descended Dowgate-hill, and gained Thames-street before he had been remarked. A short time sufficed to bring him to St. Mary-hill, up which he mounted, and entering Thames-street, and passing St. Dunstan's in the East on the right, and the ancient church of All Hallows Barking on the left, he reached Great Tower-hill.

By this time, the vapours from the river had cleared off. The stars had begun to peep forth, and the first glimpse of day to peer in the east. By this light, and from this spot, the stern and sombre outline of the Tower, with its ramparts—its citadel, and its numerous lesser turrets, was seen to great advantage. On the summit of the Hill appeared the scaffold and the gallows already noticed.

Pausing for a moment, and pointing to a range of buildings, the summits of which could just be distinguished, to the south of the White Tower, the stranger said—"Within that palace Northumberland now reposes, surrounded by a triple line of fortifications, and defended by a thousand armed men. But if you will only reveal all you know, ere another week has passed his head shall be laid on that scaffold."

"The last time I beheld that fatal spot," returned Gunnora, "my foster-son, the Duke of Somerset, was decapitated there. If I can avenge him upon his foe, I shall die content."

"Obey my directions implicitly, and you *shall* do so," rejoined the other.

"How are we to enter the Tower?" asked Gunnora.

"Not by the ordinary road," replied the other, significantly. "But we shall be observed if we linger here. Forward!"

Crossing the Hill in the direction of the City Postern, the stranger suddenly wheeled round, and, under cover of a low wall, approached the moat. Exactly opposite the Devilin Tower, and the bastion occupying the north-western angle of the exterior line of fortifications, stood at this time, at a little distance from the moat, a small low building. Towards this structure the stranger hastened. As he drew near it, he glanced uneasily at the ramparts, to ascertain whether he was observed. But though the measured tread of the sentinels and the clank of arms were distinctly audible, he remained unperceived.

Unlocking the door, the whole party entered the building, which was apparently deserted. After a moment's search, the stranger discovered a spring in the floor, which he pulled, and a trap-door opened, disclosing a long and steep flight of steps, at the foot of which sat a man with a mask, bearing a torch.

No sooner did this person hear the noise occasioned by the opening of the trap-door, than he hastily ascended, and placed himself in readiness to guide the party. On gaining the level ground, it was evident, from the dampness of the arched roof of the passage, and the slippery surface of the floor along which they trod, that they were far below the bottom of the moat. Traversing this damp dark passage for more than a hundred yards, the humid atmosphere gave place to a more wholesome air, and the ground became drier.

Hitherto, the passage had been about three feet wide and seven high, and was arched and flagged with stone. But they had now arrived at a point where it became more lofty, and their further progress was checked by a strong door plated with iron, and studded with nails. Taking a huge key from his girdle, the man in the mask unlocked this ponderous door, and, admitting the party, fastened it behind him. He then led them up another stone stair-case, similar in all respects to the first, except that it did not ascend to more than half the height. This brought them to a vaulted gallery, from which three passages branched.

Pursuing that on the right, and preceded by his masked attendant, the stranger strode silently along. As she followed him, Gunnora noticed several strong doors in the wall, which she took to be entrances to dungeons. After threading this passage, the party ascended a third short flight of steps, at the top of which was a trap-door. It was opened by the guide, and admitted them into a small stone chamber, the walls of which appeared, from the embrazures of the windows, to be of immense thickness. The roof was groined and arched. In the centre of the room stood a small table, on which some provisions were placed. A small copper lamp, suspended from the roof, threw a sickly light around, and discovered a little pallet stretched in a recess on the right.

"You are now in the Bowyer's Tower, in the chamber where it is said the Duke of Clarence was drowned in the butt of

malmsey," observed the stranger. "Here you will remain till your presence is required by the Council."

Gunnora would have remonstrated, but the stranger waved his hand to her to keep silence, and, followed by his attendants, descended through the trap-door, which was closed and bolted beneath.



INTERIOR OF THE BOWYER TOWER.

X.—HOW THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND MENACED SIMON RENARD IN SAINT PETER'S CHAPEL ON THE TOWER-GREEN ; AND HOW QUEEN JANE INTERPOSED BETWEEN THEM.

It will now be proper to ascertain how far the Duke of Northumberland was justified in his suspicion of Queen Jane's conduct being influenced by some secret and adverse counsel. After the abrupt departure of Lord Guilford Dudley for Sion House, as before related, she was greatly distressed, and refused at first to credit the intelligence. But when it was confirmed beyond all doubt by a message from her husband himself, declaring that he would not return till she had acceded to his request, she burst into tears, and withdrew to her own chamber, where she remained for some time alone.

When she re-appeared, it was evident from her altered looks that she had suffered deeply. But it was evident also, from her

composure of countenance and firmness of manner, that whatever resolution she had formed she would adhere to it.

Summoning the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke to her presence, she briefly explained to them that she had heard, with infinite concern and uneasiness, that the council had proposed to raise her husband to the throne, because she foresaw that it would breed trouble and dissatisfaction, and greatly endanger her own government.

"Your highness judges rightly," replied the Earl of Pembroke. "It will be said that in thus elevating his son, Northumberland seeks only his own aggrandisement."

"And it will be truly said, my lord," rejoined Jane. "But if this is your opinion, why was your voice given in favour of the measure?"

"No man is bound to accuse himself," replied Pembroke.

"But every man is bound to speak truth, my lord," rejoined Jane. "Again I ask you, why your assent was given to this measure, which, by your own admission, is fraught with danger?"

"The Duke of Northumberland is my enemy," replied the Earl, sternly. "Had this step been taken it would have ensured his destruction."

"You speak frankly, my lord," rejoined the Queen. "But you forget that it must have ensured my destruction also."

"I am a loyal subject of your majesty," replied the Earl of Pembroke, "and will shed my last drop of blood in the defence of your crown. But I will not submit to the Duke's imperious conduct."

"And yet, my lord, you owe your own dignity to him," rejoined Jane, sarcastically. "Sir William Herbert would not have been Earl of Pembroke but for the Duke's intercession with our cousin Edward. For shame, my lord! you owe him too much to act against him."

"I owe him nothing," interposed the Earl of Arundel, "and may therefore speak without risk of any such imputation as your majesty has thrown out against Lord Pembroke. If the overweening power of the Duke of Northumberland be not checked, it will end in his downfall, and the downfall of all those with whom he is connected."

"I thank you for your counsel, my lord," replied the Queen; "and, setting down much to your private animosity, will place the rest to loyalty to myself."

"Your highness will be speedily satisfied of the truth of my assertion, if you refuse compliance with Northumberland's demands," replied Pembroke. "But you will find it, unless you have recourse to strong measures, a difficult and a dangerous game to play."

"To one who, though so young in years, is yet so old in wisdom as your majesty," added the Earl of Arundel, "it will be needless to say, that on the first decisive movement of your

reign—as on that of a battle—depends the victory. If you yield, all is lost. From this one step the Duke will estimate your character, and become either your servant or your master. From his conduct, also, you will know what to expect from him hereafter.”

“My resolution is taken, my lords,” returned the Queen. “The course I have resolved upon in reference to the duke, you will learn when I meet you in the council-chamber, where he will be present to speak for himself—and, if need be, defend himself. My desire is that my reign should begin and proceed in peace. And, if you hope for my favour, you will forget your differences with his grace, and act in concert with me. In asserting my own power, I trust I shall convince him of the futility of any further struggle with me, and so bring him to a sense of duty.”

“Your majesty may depend upon the full support of your council,” rejoined Arundel.

“I doubt it not, my lord,” replied Jane. “And now to the business on which I summoned you. It may have reached you that my dear lord has departed this morning for Sion House, in great displeasure that I have refused to comply with his wishes.”

“We have heard as much,” replied both noblemen.

“My desire is that you hasten after him and entreat him to return with all speed,” pursued Jane.

“Your majesty then consents!” exclaimed Pembroke, hastily.

“Not so, my lord,” replied the Queen. “I will raise him to his father’s rank. He shall have a dukedom, but not a kingdom.”

“I would counsel your majesty to reflect ere you concede thus much,” observed Arundel.

“I have already said that my resolution is taken,” replied the Queen. “Repeat what I have told you to him, and entreat him to return.”

“Entreat him!” echoed Pembroke scornfully. “It is not for your highness to entreat, but to command. Obedience sworn at the altar by the lips of the Queen of England, is cancelled as soon as uttered. Your husband is your subject. Empower us to bring him to you, and he shall be at your feet within an hour.”

“My pleasure is that you literally fulfil my injunctions, my lords,” replied the Queen. “Lord Guilford Dudley was the husband of my choice. When I gave my hand to him at the altar, I had no thought that it would ever grasp a sceptre, Nor, till I obtained this unlooked-for—and, believe me, most unwished-for dignity,—did the slightest misunderstanding ever arise between us. But now that I am compelled to sacrifice my affections at the shrine of duty,—now that I am Queen as well as consort—and he is subject as well as husband—this disagreement has occurred, which a little calm reflection will put to rights.”

"What if his lordship should refuse to return with us?" asked Pembroke.

"You will use your best endeavours to induce him to do so," replied Jane, a tear starting to her eye, and her voice faltering in spite of her efforts to maintain her composure. "But if you fail, I shall at least be satisfied that I have done my duty."

"Your majesty's commands shall be obeyed," replied Pembroke. "But we must have your licence to go forth—for we are detained as prisoners within the Tower."

"You shall have it," replied Jane. And she immediately wrote out the order.

"The passport must be countersigned by the duke," said Pembroke. "The gate-keepers will not hold this sufficient authority."

"How!" exclaimed Jane, reddening, "Am I not Queen? Is not my authority absolute here?"

"Not while the duke holds his high office, gracious madam," returned Pembroke. "His followers give you the name of Queen. But they look up to him as sovereign."

"My lord, I need no assurance that you are Northumberland's mortal enemy," replied Jane.

"I am your majesty's loyal subject," replied the earl. "And if your passport be respected, I will confess that I have wronged him."

"And if it be not, I will confess I have wronged *you*, my lord," rejoined Jane. "The royal barge is at your service.—An usher shall conduct you to it."

So saying, she motioned one of her train, to attend them, and the two nobles bowed and departed.

As soon as they had quitted the royal presence, Pembroke observed to his companion:—

"We have now effected a quarrel, which will end in Northumberland's destruction and Jane's dethronement. Simon Renard will so fan the flame, that it shall never be extinguished."

As the Earl anticipated, the Queen's pass was refused—the warders declaring that their instructions were to suffer no one to go forth without the Duke's written order. They then returned to the palace. It was some time before they were admitted to the Queen, as she was engaged in the angry conference previously-related with her mother-in-law. When the Duchess had departed, they sought an audience.

"How, my lords," cried Jane, turning very pale; "do I see you again so soon?"

"It is as I informed your highness," replied the Earl of Pembroke, laying the order on the table. "The Duke is master here."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Queen, starting to her feet, "am I deserted by my husband—braved by the Duke—and treated like an infant by his imperious dame? I cry you pardon, my lords."

you have *not* deceived me. You are my loyal subjects. Oh! I could weep to think how I have been deluded. But they shall find they have not made me queen for nothing. While I *have* power I will use it. My lords, I bid you to the council at noon to-morrow. I shall summon Lord Guilford Dudley to attend it, and he will refuse at his peril."

"Have a care, gracious madam, how you proceed with the Duke," replied Pembroke. "Your royal predecessor, Edward, it is said, came not fairly by his end. If Northumberland finds you an obstacle to his designs, instead of a means of forwarding them, he will have little scruple in removing you."

"I shall be wary, doubt it not, my lord," rejoined Jane. "To-morrow you shall learn my pleasure. I count on your fidelity."

"Your majesty may safely do so," they replied. And with renewed assurances of zeal, they departed.

"Her spirit is now fairly roused," observed Pembroke, as they quitted the palace. "If she hold in the same mind till to-morrow, it is all over with Northumberland."

"*Souvent femme varie, bien fol est qui s'y fie*," observed Simon Renard, advancing to meet them. "Let me know how you have sped."

The Earl of Pembroke then related the particulars of their interview with the Queen.

"All goes on as well as I could desire," observed Renard. "But she must come to an open rupture with him, else the crafty Duke will find some means of soothing her wounded pride. Be that my task."

Taking their way slowly along the outer ward, the trio passed under the gloomy gateway of the Bloody Tower, and ascended a flight of steps on the left leading to the Tower Green. Here (as now,) grew an avenue of trees, and beneath their shade they found De Noailles, who instantly joined them. Renard then entered into a full detail of his schemes, and acquainted them with the information he had received through his messengers, in spite of all the Duke's precautions, of the accession in strength which Mary's party had received, and of the numbers who had declared themselves in her favour. He further intimated that his agents were at work among the people to produce a revolt in the metropolis.

As they proceeded across the Tower-green, the Earl of Pembroke paused at a little distance from the chapel, and pointing to a square patch of ground, edged by a border of white stones, and completely destitute of herbage, said—

"Two Queens have perished here. On this spot stood the scaffolds of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard."

"And ere long a third shall be added to their number," observed Renard, gloomily.

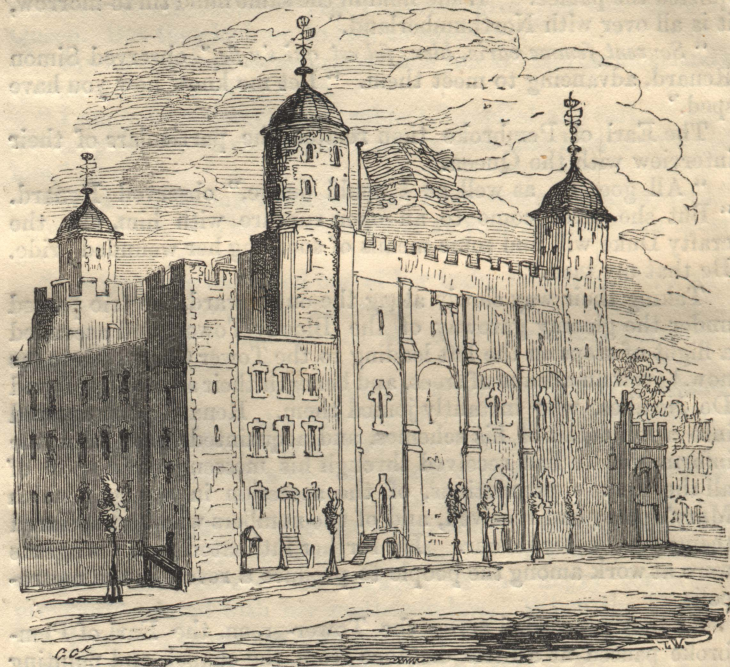
Shaping their course towards the north-east angle of the

fortress, they stopped before a small turret, at that time called the Martin Tower, and used as a place of confinement for state offenders, but now denominated the Jewel Tower, from the circumstance of its being the depository of the regalia.

"Within that tower are imprisoned the Catholic Bishops Gardiner and Bonner," remarked Arundel.

"Let Mary win the crown, and it shall be tenanted by the protestants, Cranmer and Ridley," muttered Renard.

While the others returned to the Green, Renard lingered for an instant to contemplate the White Tower, which is seen perhaps to greater advantage from this point of view than from any other in the fortress. And as it is in most respects unchanged,—excepting such repairs as time has rendered necessary, and some alterations in the doorways and windows, to be noted hereafter,—the modern visitor to this spot may, if he pleases, behold it in much the same state that it appeared to the plotting Spanish ambassador.



THE WHITE TOWER.

Rising to a height of nearly a hundred feet; built in a quadrangular form; terminated at each angle by a lofty turret, three of which are square, while the fourth, situated at the north-east, is circular, and of larger dimensions than the others; embattled; having walls of immense thickness, exceeding fourteen

feet, and further strengthened by broad flat buttresses, dividing the face of the building into compartments; lighted by deep semi-circular-arched windows;—this massive stronghold, constructed entirely of stone,—and now in some parts defaced by a coating of mortar and flints,—occupies an area of an hundred and sixteen feet on the north and south, and ninety-six on the east and west. At the south-east corner is a broad semi-circular projection, marking the situation of St. John's Chapel, already described. The round turret, at the north-east angle, was used as an observatory by the celebrated astronomer, Flamstead, in the reign of Charles the Second. The principal entrance was on the north, and was much more spacious than the modern doorway, which occupies its site.

At the period of this chronicle the White Tower was connected, as has already been mentioned, on the south-east with the ancient palace. On the south stood a fabric called the Jewel-house; while at the south-western angle was another embattled structure of equal elevation and dimensions with the By-ward Tower and the other gates, denominated the Coal-harbour Tower. These, with the Lanthorn Tower and the line of buildings extending in an easterly direction towards the Broad Arrow Tower, have totally disappeared, and the White Tower is now disconnected with every other edifice. For centuries it has stood, and for centuries may it continue to stand! Within its walls the old monarchs of England have held their councils,—within its vaults prisoners have sighed,—from its gates queens have come forth to execution!—Long may it flourish as a fearful memento of the past!

On the present occasion, it presented a stirring picture. From a tall staff, planted on the roof, floated the royal standard. Cannon bristled from its battlements, and armed men were seen marching from post to post on its platforms. Before the principal entrance four warders were stationed; and in front troops of arquebusiers and archers were passing under the review of their leaders. The sound of martial music filled the air; pennons and banners fluttered in the breeze; and pikes, steel caps, and corslets glittered in the sunbeams. Amid these warlike groups, the figures of the gigantic warders and their diminutive attendant, Xit, caught the eye of Renard, and filled him with astonishment:—the former being taller by the head and shoulders than the mass of their companions, besides far exceeding them in bulk and size of limb; while the latter, with more than ordinary pretensions to the dignity of manhood, had scarcely the stature of a child. It must not be omitted in the description of the White Tower that the summits of its four turrets were surmounted by large vanes, each decorated with a crown, in the hollows of which, as in our own time, the jackdaws were accustomed to build.

After gazing at this magnificent structure for a few minutes,

and indulging in the emotions which its contemplation inspired, Simon Renard followed his companions, and resumed his discourse. They had again adverted to Jane, when the door of the principal entrance of the White Tower was thrown open, and, attended by the Duchess of Suffolk and the Ladies Hastings and Herbert, the subject of their conference issued from it and proceeded on foot towards St. Peter's Chapel. The road was immediately cleared by her attendants, and the three gigantic warders and their tiny companion marched before her, and planted themselves on either side of the chapel door. Glancing significantly at his companions, Renard motioned them to follow him, and hurried towards the sacred pile.

"What! you a rigid Catholic, M. Renard" observed Pembroke, "about to attend Protestant worship? Hopes may be entertained of your conversion."

"Stronger hopes may be entertained that I shall restore the ancient worship," muttered Renard, as he entered the chapel, and took his place unobserved by the Queen behind one of the columns of the aisle, while she advanced to the altar.

Erected in the reign of Edward the First, the little chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula (the parochial church—for the Tower, it is almost needless to say, is a parish in itself), is the second structure occupying the same site and dedicated to the same saint. The earlier fabric was much more spacious, and contained two chancels, with stalls for the king and queen, as appears from the following order for its repair issued in the reign of Henry the Third, and recorded by Stow:—"The king to the keepers of the Tower work, sendeth greeting: We command you to brush or plaster with lime well and decently the chancel of St. Mary in the church of St. Peter within the bailiwick of our Tower of London, and the chancel of St. Peter in the same church; and from the entrance of the chancel of St. Peter to the space of four feet beyond the stalls made for our own and our queen's use in the same church; and the same stalls to be painted. And the little Mary with her shrine and the images of St. Peter, St. Nicholas, and Katherine, and the beam beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the little cross with its images to be coloured anew, and to be refreshed with good colours. And that ye cause to be made a certain image of St. Christopher holding and carrying Jesus where it may best and most conveniently be done, and painted in the foresaid church. And that ye cause two fair tables to be made and painted of the best colours concerning the stories of the blessed Nicholas and Katherine, before the altars of the said saints in the same church. And that ye cause to be made two fair cherubims with a cheerful and joyful countenance standing on the right and left of the great cross in the said church. And moreover, one marble font with marble pillars well and handsomely wrought."

Thus much respecting the ancient edifice. The more recent

chapel is a small, unpretending stone structure, and consists of a nave and an aisle at the north, separated by pointed arches, supported by clustered stone pillars of great beauty. Its chief interest is derived from the many illustrious and ill-fated dead crowded within its narrow walls.

Here rested, for a brief season, the body of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, beheaded in 1535, for denying the king's supremacy—"a prelate," says Holinshed, "of great learning and of very good life. The Pope had elected him a cardinal and sent his hat as far as Calais. But his head was off before his hat was on, so that they met not." Next to Fisher was interred his friend, the wise, the witty, the eloquent Sir Thomas More, whom Hall, the chronicler, hesitates whether he shall describe as "a foolish wise man, or a wise foolish man,"—and who jested even on the scaffold. His body was afterwards removed, at the intercession of his daughter, Margaret Roper, to Chelsea. Here also was interred the last of the right line of the Plantagenets, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the mother of Cardinal Pole. The venerable countess refused to lay her head upon the block, saying (as Lord Herbert of Cherbury reports),—" 'So should traitors do, and I am none.' Neither did it serve that the executioner told her it was the fashion:—so turning her grey head every way, she bid him, if he would have it, to get it as he could: *so he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly.*"

Here also was deposited the headless trunk of another of Henry the Eighth's victims, Thomas Lord Cromwell, the son of a blacksmith, who, having served as a common soldier under Bourbon, at the sack of Rome, entered Wolsey's service, and rose to be Grand Chamberlain of the realm. Here, in Elizabeth's reign, were brought the remains of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of the Queen of Scots. And here also were laid those of Robert Devereux, the rash and ill-fated Earl of Essex. Under the communion-table was interred, at a later date, the daring and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who fell a sacrifice to his ambition. And to come down to yet more recent times, beneath the little gallery at the west of the chapel, were buried the three leaders of the rebellion of 1745—Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat.

There were four other graves, which, as being more nearly connected with the personages introduced in this chronicle, it will be proper to notice separately. Before the altar, on the west, a plain flag bore the inscription "**Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, 1552.**" On the next grave to that of the great Lord Protector was written "**Katherine Howard,**" and on the adjoining stone, "**Anne Boleyn.**" These two queens,—equally unfortunate, but not, perhaps, equally culpable,—perished within five years of each other—the latter suffering in 1536, the former in 1541. Close to the wall on the right, a fourth grave bore the name of "**Thomas**"

Seymour, Baron Sudley." Seymour was brother to the Duke of Somerset, and Lord High Admiral of England; and the only stain on the Protector's otherwise reproachless character is, that he signed his death-warrant, and declined to use the power he undoubtedly possessed, of procuring his pardon. The fiery and ambitious Admiral was beheaded in 1549.

Between this grave and that of Anne Boleyn intervened a plain stone, unmarked by any inscription, and indicating a vacant tomb. Beneath this flag, eighteen months after the execution of his victim, the Duke of Somerset—and barely six weeks from the day on which this chronicle opens—was deposited the headless trunk of the once all-powerful and arrogant Northumberland.

The service over, as the Queen was about to depart, Simon Renard advanced to meet her. Returning his ceremonious salutation by a dignified greeting, Jane, with a look of some surprise, inquired the cause of his presence.

"I might have chosen a more fitting season and place for an audience with your majesty," replied Renard, in the low and silvery tone which he could adopt at pleasure. "But I have that to communicate which emboldens me to break through all forms."

"Declare it then, sir," replied the Queen.

Renard glanced significantly at her. She understood him, and motioning her attendants to withdraw to a little distance, they obeyed; and Lady Hastings seized the opportunity of despatching a messenger to her father to acquaint him with the circumstance, as already related.

What was the nature of the disclosure made by the wily ambassador to the Queen, it is not our present purpose to reveal. That it was important was evident from the deep attention she paid to it; and it was apparent, also, from her changing looks and agitated demeanour, that her fears were greatly aroused. As Renard proceeded, her uneasiness increased so much that she could scarcely support herself, and her attendants were about to hasten to her assistance, when a gesture from the ambassador checked them.

Different inferences were drawn by the various witnesses of this singular interview. But all were satisfied of the ascendancy which Renard had, in some manner, acquired over the youthful sovereign. While glances of triumph were exchanged between the conspiring lords, who watched them from their station in the aisle, the greatest misgivings were experienced by the Ladies Hastings and Herbert. Unable to comprehend the mystery, they were so much struck with the peculiar expression of Jane's countenance, which precisely resembled the look she wore after the mysterious occurrence in St. John's Chapel, that they could not help thinking the present conference had some relation to that event.

Renard's manner, indeed, was so extraordinary that it furnished

some clue to the nature of his discourse. Casting off the insinuating tone and deferential deportment with which he had commenced, he gradually assumed a look and accent of command, and almost of menace. His figure dilated, and fixing his black flaming eye upon the trembling Queen, he stamped his foot upon the vacant grave on which he was standing, and said, in a voice so loud that it reached the ears of the listeners,

"Your Majesty will never wear your crown in safety till Northumberland lies here."

Before any answer could be returned, the door of the chapel was suddenly thrown open, and the Duke presented himself. A momentary change passed over Renard's countenance at this interruption. But he instantly recovered his composure, and folding his arms upon his breast, awaited the result.

Unable to control his indignation, the Duke strode towards them, and flinging his jewelled cap on the ground, drew his sword.

"M. Renard," he exclaimed, "you are a traitor!"

"To whom, my lord?" replied Renard, calmly.

"To me—to the Queen," rejoined the Duke.

"If to be your grace's enemy is to be a traitor, I confess I am one," retorted Renard sternly. "But I am no traitor to her majesty."

"It is false!" exclaimed the Duke, furiously. "You are her worst and most dangerous enemy. And nothing but the sacred spot in which you have sought shelter, prevents me from taking instant vengeance upon you."

Renard smiled disdainfully.

"Your grace threatens safely," he said, in a taunting tone.

"Insolent!" exclaimed the Duke, roused to a pitch of ungovernable fury. "Draw and defend yourself, or I will strike you dead at my feet."

"Put up your sword, my lord," cried Jane, throwing herself between them. "You forget in whose presence you stand."

"No!" exclaimed Northumberland, "I do not forget. I am in the presence of one who owes her authority to me—and who holds it through me. The same power which made you queen, can as readily unmake you."

"Your majesty will now judge who is the traitor," observed Renard, sarcastically.

"I do," she replied. "I command your grace," she continued, authoritatively addressing Northumberland, "to quit the chapel instantly."

"What if I refuse to obey?" rejoined the Duke.

"Your grace will do well not to urge me too far," replied Jane. "Obey me, or take the consequences."

"What are they?" cried the Duke contemptuously.

"Your arrest," said the Earl of Pembroke, laying his hand upon his sword, and advancing. "If his grace will not submit himself to your highness's authority, we will compel him to do so."

"Jane!" said the Duke, suddenly controlling himself—"be warned before it is too late. You are in the hands of those who will destroy you."

"On the contrary," rejoined Renard, "her majesty is in the hands of those who will uphold her, and destroy *you*."

"No more of this," interposed the Queen. "If you are, what you profess yourselves, my faithful subjects, you will reconcile your differences."

"Never!" exclaimed the Duke. "Let M. Renard look to himself."

"Another such menace, my lord," said Jane, "and I place you in arrest."

"Threatened men live long," observed Renard. "I beseech your majesty not to place any restraint upon his grace."

"Will your highness grant me a moment's speech with you?" said Northumberland, sheathing his sword.

"Not now, my lord," replied Jane. "To-morrow, at the council, you shall be fully heard. And I charge you, by your allegiance, to cease all hostilities till then. Have I your knightly word for this?"

"You have," replied the Duke, after a moment's reflection.

"And yours, M. Renard?" continued the Queen, turning to him.

"Since his grace has passed his word I cannot withhold mine," replied the ambassador. "But I give it with reluctance."

"Your grace will not fail to attend the council to-morrow," said Jane.

"If your highness desires it I will not, undoubtedly," replied the Duke. "But since you decline to act upon my advice, there can be little need for my presence."

"My wishes—my commands are, that you attend," rejoined the Queen.

"Your wishes *are* commands," rejoined the Duke. "I will be there."

"Enough," replied Jane. "M. Renard, you will accompany me to the palace."

As the ambassador was preparing to depart, he perceived Northumberland's cap lying at his feet.

"Your grace's hat," he observed, pointing to it. And glancing significantly at Jane, he added, in an audible whisper, "Would the head were in it!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Duke, laying his hand upon his sword. "But you are safe till to-morrow."

Renard made no reply, but with a smile of exultation followed the Queen out of the chapel.

XI.—HOW THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND WAS PREVAILED UPON TO UNDERTAKE THE ENTERPRISE AGAINST THE LADY MARY.

AT noon on the following day, the Council was held as appointed by the Queen. In the meantime, alarming intelligence having been received of the accession which Mary's party had obtained, it became absolutely necessary that immediate and decisive measures should be taken against her.

As soon as the Lords of the Council, including the two ambassadors, Renard and Noailles, were assembled, and the Queen had taken her seat upon the throne, the Earl of Pembroke stepped forward, and thus addressed her:—

"It is with infinite concern that I have to apprise your majesty that news has just been brought that Sir Edward Hastings, with an army of four thousand men, has gone over to the Lady Mary. Five counties also have revolted. Your highness is already aware that the Earls of Sussex, Bath and Oxford, Lord Wentworth, Sir Thomas Cornwallis and Sir Henry Jerningham, have raised the commoners of Suffolk and Norfolk. Lord Windsor, Sir Edmund Peckham, Sir Robert Drury, and Sir Edward Hastings, have now raised those of Buckinghamshire. Sir John Williams and Sir Leonard Chamberlain have stirred up a party in Oxfordshire, and Sir Thomas Tresham another in Northamptonshire. These rebels with their companies are now marching towards Framlingham Castle."

"The revolt must be instantly checked," rejoined Jane. "An army must be sent against her."

"To whom will your majesty entrust its command?" inquired the Earl of Pembroke.

"To one well fitted for the office,—my father, the Duke of Suffolk," answered the Queen.

"My advice is, that it be given to the Duke of Northumberland," said the Earl of Arundel. "Wherever he has carried his arms—in Scotland and in France—he has been victorious. The recollection of the defeat sustained by the rebels at Dussindale will operate in his favour. His grace has every recommendation for the office. Having achieved the victory of Norfolk once already, he will be so feared that none will dare to lift up a weapon against him. Besides which, I need scarcely remind your highness, who must be familiar with his high reputation, that he is the best man of war in the realm, as well for the ordering of his camps and soldiers, both in battle and in the tent, as for his experience and wisdom, with which he can both animate his army and either vanquish his enemies by his courage and skill, or else dissuade them (if need be,) from their enterprise."

"My voice is for Northumberland," cried Cecil.

"And mine," added Huntingdon.

"We are all unanimous," cried the rest of the Council.

"Your grace hears the opinion just given," said Jane. "Will you undertake the command?"

"No," answered the Duke, bluntly. "I will shed my blood in your majesty's defence. But I see through the designs of your artful council, and will not be made their dupe. Their object is to withdraw me from you. Let the Duke of Suffolk take the command. I will maintain the custody of the Tower."

"Do not suffer him to decline it," whispered Simon Renard to the Queen. "By this means you will accomplish a double purpose—insure a victory over Mary, and free yourself from the yoke he will otherwise impose upon you. If the Duke of Suffolk departs, and he is left absolute master of the Tower, you will never attain your rightful position."

"You are right," replied Jane. "My lord," she continued, addressing the Duke, "I am satisfied that the Council mean you well. And I pray you, therefore, to acquiesce in their wishes and my own."

"Why will not your highness send the Duke of Suffolk, as you have this moment proposed?" rejoined Northumberland.

"I have bethought me," replied the Queen. "And as my husband has thought fit to absent himself from me at this perilous juncture, I am resolved not to be left without a protector. Your grace will, therefore, deliver up the keys of the Tower to the Duke of Suffolk."

"Nay, your majesty,"—cried Northumberland.

"I will have no nay, my lord," interrupted the Queen peremptorily. "I will in nowise consent that my father shall leave me. To whom else would your grace entrust the command?"

The Duke appeared to reflect for a moment.

"I know no one," he answered.

"Then your grace must perforce consent," said the Queen.

"If your majesty commands it, I must. But I feel it is a desperate hazard," replied Northumberland.

"It is so desperate," whispered Pembroke to Renard,— "that he has not one chance in his favour."

"The Council desire to know your grace's determination?" said Arundel.

"My determination is this," rejoined the Duke. "Since you think it good, I will go,—not doubting your fidelity to the Queen's majesty, whom I shall leave in your custody."

"He is lost!" whispered Renard.

"Your grace's commission for the lieutenantship of the army shall be signed at once," said Jane; "and I beseech you to use all diligence."

"I will do what in me lies," replied the Duke. "My retinue shall meet me at Durham House to-night. And I will see the munition and artillery set forward before daybreak."

A pause now ensued, during which the Duke's commission was signed by the whole Council.

"It is his death-warrant," observed Renard to the Earl of Arundel.

"Here is your warrant, under the broad seal of England," said the Earl of Pembroke, delivering it to him.

"I must have my marches prescribed," replied the Duke. "I will do nothing without authority."

"What say you, my lords?" said Pembroke, turning to them.

"Agree at once," whispered Renard—"he is planning his own ruin."

"Your grace shall have full powers and directions," rejoined Pembroke.

"It is well," replied Northumberland. "My lords," he continued with great dignity, addressing the Council, "I and the other noble personages, with the whole army that are now about to go forth, as well for the behalf of you and yours, as for the establishing of the Queen's highness, shall not only adventure our bodies and lives amongst the bloody strokes and cruel assaults of our adversaries in the open fields; but also we leave the conservation of ourselves, children and families, at home here with you, as altogether committed to your truth and fidelity. If," he proceeded sternly, "we thought you would through malice, conspiracy, or dissension, leave us, your friends, in the briars and betray us, we could as well, in sundry ways, foresee and provide for our own safety, as any of you, by betraying us, can do for yours. But now, upon the only trust and faithfulness of your honours, whereof we think ourselves most assured, we do hazard our lives. And if ye shall violate your trust and promise, hoping thereby of life and promotion, yet shall not God account you innocent of our bloods, neither acquit you of the sacred and holy oath of allegiance, made freely by you to the Queen's highness, who, by your own and our enticement, is rather of force placed therein, than by her own seeking and request. Consider, also, that God's cause, which is the preferment of his word, and fear of Papists' entrance, hath been (as you have heretofore always declared,) the original ground whereupon you even at the first motion granted your good wills and consents thereunto, as by your handwritings appeareth. And think not the contrary. But if ye mean deceit, though not forthwith, yet hereafter, Heaven will revenge the same."

"Your grace wrongs us by these suspicions," observed the Earl of Arundel.

"I will say no more," rejoined the Duke, "but in this perilous time wish you to use constant hearts, abandoning all malice, envy, and private affections."

"Doubt it not," said Cecil.

"I have not spoken to you in this sort upon any mistrust I have of your truths," pursued the Duke, "of which I have always hitherto conceived a trusty confidence. But I have put you in

remembrance thereof, in case any variance should arise amongst you in my absence. And this I pray you, wish me not worse good-speed in this matter than you wish yourselves."

"We shall all agree on one point," observed Pembroke aside to Renard—"and that is a hope that he may never return."

"If your grace mistrusts any of us in this matter, you are deceived," rejoined Arundel, "for which of us can wash his hands of it. And if we should shrink from you as treasonable, which of us can excuse himself as guiltless. Therefore, your doubt is too far cast."

"I pray Heaven it be so," replied the Duke, gravely. "Brother of Suffolk, I resign the custody of the Tower to you, entreating you, if you would uphold your daughter's crown, to look well to your charge. I now take my leave of your highness."

"Heaven speed your grace," replied Jane, returning his haughty salutation.

"Farewell, my lord," said the Earl of Arundel, "I am right sorry it is not my chance to bear you company, as I would cheerfully spend my heart's blood in your defence."

"Judas!" muttered the Duke.

Upon this, the Council broke up, and Jane returned to the palace, accompanied by the Duke of Suffolk, the two ambassadors, and others of the conspiring nobles.

"We may give each other joy," said Pembroke to Renard, as they walked along—"we are at last rid of Northumberland. Suffolk will be easily disposed of."

"Queen Mary shall be proclaimed in London, before to-morrow night," rejoined Renard.

Meanwhile, the Duke, attended by the Marquis of Northampton, the Lord Grey, and divers other noblemen, entered his barge, and proceeded to Durham House. On the same night, he mustered his troops, and made every preparation for his departure. As he rode forth on the following morning through Shoreditch, great crowds collected to see him pass. But they maintained a sullen and ominous silence.

"The people press to see us," observed the Duke, in a melancholy tone, to Lord Grey, who rode by his side; "but not one saith God speed us!"

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON PART SECOND.

"Mr. Ainsworth has guarded himself effectually against the possibility of any objection being taken to the subject of his present work, and to judge from these early specimens the execution of it is as little liable to the smallest critical exception. The subject—Lady Jane Grey's touching and tragic experiences in the Tower—is one of universal interest; and no work that Mr. Ainsworth has written opens, we think, so attractively as this. In the seven chapters, we have an ample development of the course of the story, and a rich variety of characters, struck off with remarkable precision and exactitude of portraiture, and yet with a most masterly breadth of effect. The high historical personages surrounding the doomed queen, with the more grotesque and comic creatures of the author's invention, present in perfect consistency a first-rate combination of the historical and the romantic. Haughty and ambitious nobles, prelates of high renown, foreign plotters, young and gallant cavaliers, the lovely and innocent victim who occupies the central place in the group—these on the one hand; and then on the other, a most promising love-story, agencies natural and (possibly) supernatural, operating to prevent its course from running smooth, roysterers of the rarest stamp, headmen and gaolers, and giants, with their attendant dwarf, together with, in this number, the introduction of a picturesque specimen of the tribe of 'hot-gospellers,' all these crowd the scene in rapid succession and bold relief, without the slightest confusion or indistinctness. We shall not otherwise particularise the characters; but we may remark that there are scenes in which they figure not to be easily excelled either in a descriptive or a dramatic sense. George Cruikshank, by the force and spirit of his illustrations, seems to set the same value on the author's conceptions, for he has entered into them *con amore*. All is in admirable keeping, woodcuts and steel designs, of which, by the way, there is a richer profusion than in any work ever presented in a periodical form. We pretend not to decide between the claims of the tragic and comic in these delineations of character and romance. We pass from the simply natural to what is most picturesque in imagination—and then again to all that is most fantastic and irresistible in the grotesque and the humorous, with that equal feeling of admiration and delight which a genius equal in its illustration of such opposite subjects unfailingly excites. We need scarcely wish success to the work, for it will be, or rather is, in everybody's hands; and were its attractions far scantier, and its price trebled, success must still be its certain and merited destiny."—*Standard*.

"Mr. Ainsworth, in the present number, fully justifies us in the high and strong praises we thought it our duty to bestow on the work at its first appearance. There is an admirable description of the Norman chapel in the Tower of London, to which our author's work we hope will gain access for the public."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"We look forward with great interest to the forthcoming numbers of this publication, as even by the specimen already afforded we are inclined to believe it is a work which is destined to take a high

and lasting stand. Mr. Ainsworth displays immense antiquarian research, and brings to a subject most happily chosen, the strength of his high talents, rich imagination, and vigorous style."—*Era*.

"We have a great opinion of the genius of Mr. Ainsworth, and are exceedingly pleased with the book before us, the dates in which the occurrences happened, and the persons. Any subject which throws light upon the character and times of Lady Jane Grey cannot be but at once useful and interesting."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

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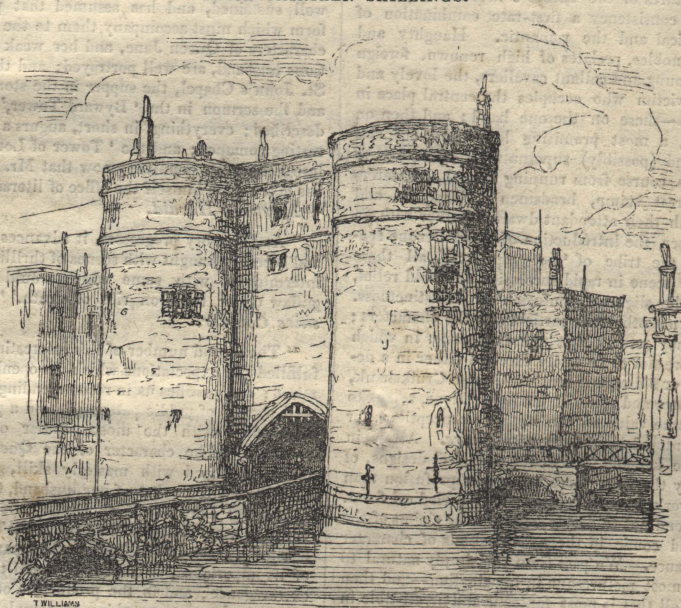
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